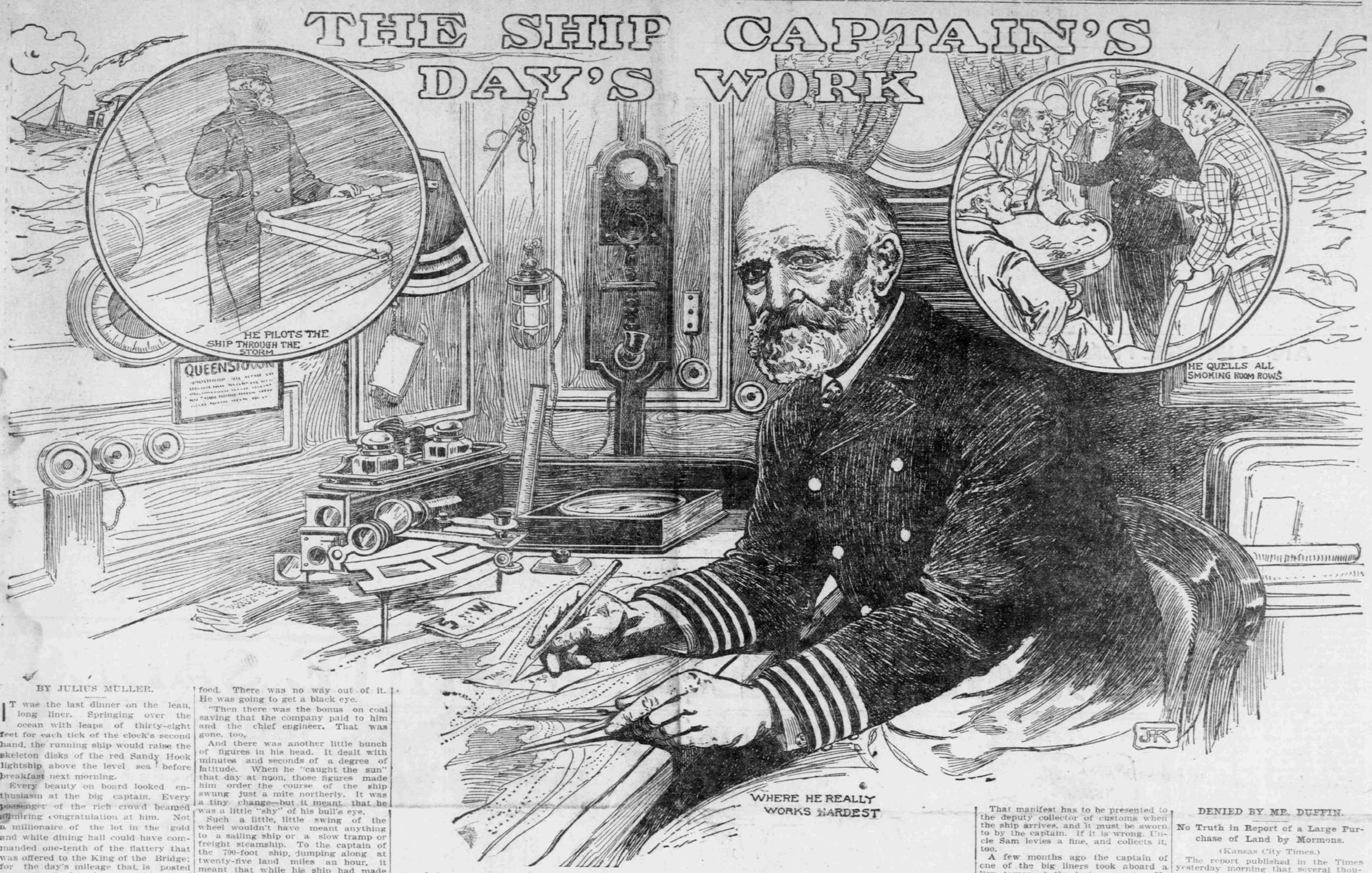
THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY JAN. 15, 1905

SECTION THREE



BY JULIUS MÜLLER.

IT was the last dinner on the lean, long liner. Springing over the ocean with leaps of thirty-eight feet for each tick of the clock's second hand, the running ship would raise the skeleton disks of the red Sandy Hook lightship above the level sea before breakfast next morning.

Every beauty on board looked enthusiasm at the big captain. Every passenger of the rich crowd beamed admiring congratulation at him. Not a millionaire of the lot in the gold and white dining hall could have commanded one-tenth of the flattery that was offered to the King of the Bridge; for the day's mileage that is posted every twenty-four hours on big ships, told that she was making record speed, and might even break a record if she could manage to clip off just a few fractions of knots in the fraction of a day that remained to complete the race.

But the admired, flattered, courted king returned the smiles with less enthusiasm than was shown by the poorest waiter. Under his replies to the rapid fire gunnery of questions, his mind turned a formula over and over again:

"One ton and a quarter an hour, twenty-four times, and five times, and eighteen and three-quarters of a ton more to come, makes 168¾ tons at $2.50 a ton, which makes $421 and odd cents."

On the hour when the twin screws kicked their white and green rollers in haughty farewell at the graceful obelisk of the Eddystone, the formula had begun its reign. With every turn of each 250-ton propeller shaft, it had grown in importance. The big captain of the big record-making ship was worrying over fuel like a housewife.

No Gold Lace in This.

Every day, and mostly many times every day, he and the chief engineer had studied and compared and investigated. When the captain left his glittering dais of a navigating bridge and disappeared in his chart room, he did not take a little siesta, as his pretty passengers suspected when they sought unavailingly to tempt him forth with fluttering gowns and wind-blown curls. He was looking over rows of figures—linear feet and yards of figures. He was looking over abstruse tables of combustion statistics. He was dipping into chemistry. During the five days of smashing sea-race, grimy men had made complex reports of their examination of the two and one-quarter acres of heating surface under the nineteen thunderous boilers. A square foot of figures gave his chief engineer and him steam pressures, hour for hour. A sweating engine room staff had written down for them a mighty report showing the results of painful examination of the condenser tubes—forty-five miles of them.

The electrician had brought in a report of the 1,700 incandescent lights of the ship, telling the power consumed and the candle power produced by each. For hours they had pored over sets of tables that told a mathematical and geometrical and algebraical history of four monumental steel things—the four towering sets of quadruple expansion engines that bullied 40,000 horse power out of the steam. Every engine of the sixty-eight aboard his ship had been probed and reported. But minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, the 112 furnaces had gorged the coal—eaten a ton and a quarter an hour more than their average, and nobody aboard had discovered the reason.

So the man on whom the passengers looked as the very master of the day, the arbiter of the ocean flight, had before him only the dismaying fact that somehow the voyage was going to cost his owners close to $500 more than it ought to cost—$500 clear waste.

A "Black Eye" Ahead.

There was no way to beat it. Had he slowed down, he might have come near to running the voyage at the usual cost in coal. But his ship would have blackened her speed record, which was worth many times $500 in dollars and cents. In addition, a day or even a half day delay with 2,500 people aboard, would mean almost as much in food. There was no way out of it. He was going to get a black eye.

"Then there was the bonus on coal saving that the company paid to him and the chief engineer. That was gone, too,

And there was another little bunch of figures in his head. It dealt with minutes and seconds of a degree of latitude. When he "caught the sun" that day at noon, those figures made him order the course of the ship swung just a mite northerly. It was a tiny change—but it meant that he was a little "shy" of his bull's eye.

Such a little, little swing of the wheel wouldn't have meant anything to a sailing ship or a slow tramp or freight steamship. To the captain of the 700-foot ship, jumping along at twenty-five land miles an hour, it meant that while his ship had made grand daily runs, some ocean drift or uncalculated wind had drifted him south broadside, and now he would have to go twenty-five miles more than usual to make port. Twenty-five miles extra distance in a ship running twenty-five miles an hour means an hour extra time. That means not only an imperilled speed record, but an hour's extra expense at the rate of a thousand dollars a day. In coal alone that extra hour was going to mean nearly sixty dollars.

How the passengers would have wondered had they known, when they disembarked with cheers and laughter after passing the usual resolution of fervent gratitude to the captain, how little attention he paid to their emotion, and how his mind was taken up with violent distaste of the interview with the owners.

"A Few Tons of Coal."

"What?" they would have asked. "Bothering about a few tons of coal more or less and a ridiculous twenty-five miles extra, after he has taken us vastly important 550 first-class passengers and almost as important 190 second-class passengers and 1,100 steerage passengers, not to forget the small army of 600 crew, safely over one-eighth of the world's circumference, snapping us like a bolt through gales and smashing seas, and never losing a rivet, not to mention a life?"

Yes. He was bothering about the few tons of coal and the few extra miles of run and a host of other things. The safe completion of the voyage didn't raise his spirits to any seventh sea heaven. He had made two hundred such safe voyages before. The running of a big ship is not a sea adventure any more, and the owners look over its books with the cold, calculating commercial eyes of business men. A difference of a few hundred dollars in the cost of a voyage means a lot to a company that owns almost two hundred steamships, as his line does. It wouldn't take long to run annual expenses up appallingly if the counting-room ashore didn't demand minute accountings from each vessel.

The passengers on a liner see only the show side—the gold lace side—of their captain. To them he is the romantic mariner. His real work is the work which they never see. His first officer could probably navigate the ship thoroughly well if the captain didn't show his face on the bridge between ports.

The Business Man of the Sea.

The thing that makes the liner captain supremely important to his owners is that he is a business man of the highest type—a man who can be entrusted with the equivalent of a block of busy buildings with all their occupants, be turned loose from all authority and assistance and manage the varied and innumerable concerns of the whole mass without losing a splinter or a penny.

The estate that he takes out to sea is nearly as long as two city blocks. It has holds that could hide the cellars, sub-cellars and ground floors of half a dozen warehouses. It has from five to seven stories, and a single one of these stories—the promenade deck—has walking space equal to any sidewalk of Fifth avenue between any two cross streets.

The cost of maintenance for that piece of portable property for one single trip is six times as big as the total wages paid to the force of a twelve-story steel skyscraper in one month. Every forty-two hours the monster swallows as much coal as a skyscraper uses in thirty days.

For every detail in this vast mass—from the woes of a steerage passenger who has had his pocket picked of tuppence ha'penny to the proper behavior of two thousand tons of boilers, the captain is responsible. He has navigating officers and executives and chief engineers and chief electricians and chief stewards and purser and chief machinists—but the owners know the captain alone as the man responsible for the ship.

The story of the ship today is not a romantic log, scrawled laboriously by a clumsy, tarred fist, but bookkeeping. It is told by ledger and cashbook, manifest and diagram, tables and trial balances.

Six tugs, costing $10 an hour, are snuffling under the vast stern when the sailing moment approaches, to haul her out into midstream and turn her for the sea. If the vessel has not begun to glide from the wharf simultaneously with the gliding of the clock's hand past the appointed minute, down goes a debit on the books for so much time lost at $60 an hour.

The pilot is in charge to take her out. If she strikes bottom he is legally and technically responsible. But the captain knows that it is "up to him" in final results just the same. In every minute that the mud holds her, the owner's money is running away like water alongside.

Woes of the Big Hotel.

While the great black creature pushes swiftly along the channel, screaming with all the might of her steel voice to all the rest of creation to "Get out of the way! Out of the way!" for its own sake as well as hers, troubles are conspiring to present themselves to the captain as soon as he shall be off soundings. The millionaire lady who has come aboard hurriedly has impetuous objections to her cabin. The doctor has observed a rash on three children in the steerage and doesn't like it a bit. There is a polite, painfully strained situation involving half the first cabin's passage list as to who shall sit at the captain's table, and, further, as to who shall sit nearest the head. Two stewardesses are trying in vain to soothe a small but temperamental woman who is carrying on because her trunk is in the hold, and the officer of the hold has informed her that there is about 800 tons of other stuff on top of it and that he couldn't and wouldn't break that trunk out, no, not if she had fifty dresses in it, and needed them all for dinner that day. The captain will have to visit her, for she and her relatives are steady travelers by that line and her husband is a big shipper. A tourist agent aboard wants to see him, too. He learned just as the ship started that there is smallpox at one of the Mediterranean ports at which tourist parties were to be landed for a visit; and he wants to know if the captain won't run by that port and make the stop at another interesting place which his patrons have selected.

Wireless and Word of Mouth.

The wireless telegraph snaps out a message that one of his ports of call has changed port regulations and he must strain everything to get in before sundown. Again the wireless snaps. It is a dispatch from police headquarters warning him that a notorious gambler is aboard with confederates to fleece passengers.

By this time the chief steward, whose office is not a cubby hole of a cabin, but looks like the office of a modern hotel, has accumulated troubles enough to supply a few more problems. An excited passenger, who has mislaid her jewelry, becomes wildly indignant because the steward suggests this is a solution, and declines to act on the supposition that she has been robbed. Her vehemence means that she is going to raise scandal before the day is out. She will listen to no one; if she is allowed to go on, half a score of other nervous women will be hysterically convinced before night that the ship has pirates aboard. The captain has to enter the debate, and with diplomacy, humility, sternness, joviality and majesty mixed, to coax, flatter and terrify the screaming one, till she sees reason and finds her jewelry in her handbag.

Meantime men have begun to carry reports to him. At noon come reports of speed. The tale of the patent log is one. A table showing the revolutions per minute of the mighty propellor shafts is another. The hourly and daily run must be computed from these and the astronomical calculations; and then the figures must be checked and compared with figures of previous voyages.

The Day's Run.

If the day's run is below the best record, he looks at the record of wind velocity and at the record showing the drift caused by currents. He estimates the weight and force of a possible head sea, to judge whether the decrease in speed is due to causes without or within the ship.

If it seems to be within, the engineer must report on conditions. Then come tables showing coal consumption per hour, per hundred revolutions of the shafts, and per day, with comparative tables showing previous records.

A ship is sighted and spells a wimpling message. He must give orders for the reply. Entry must be made at once in the log, showing the name of the vessel and date, hour, longitude, latitude, whether bound east or west, and her message.

All the clocks on board, nearly a hundred of them, must be regulated by the electric current from the chart room. A report must be called for from the officer in charge of the score and more of the boats—representing a fleet in themselves as big as that of many small yacht clubs.

Women passengers beg for the privilege of inspecting the navigating bridge. They want to know "how the ship is worked."

There has been a row in the smoking room—a bad row. Men are at the point of fight. It is too big a matter of ship's police duty to be handled by anybody except the captain in person. Before he is done with it, he has held a regular court inquiry and acted as intermediary, judge, jury and chief of police.

His Part as Host.

It is time for him now to mingle with the passengers for a few minutes and act his part as host. Back to the bridge he hurries to look over the chart on which his first officer has plotted the day's run. It must be verified by the noonday observation. As soon as the sun has been caught and its tale figured out, the log must have these blanks filled in: number of days out—barometer— thermometer — winds—direction—force, 0 to 12—latitude—longitude — distance run—weather—remarks.

Another vessel is sighted. The purser arrives with his daily official report. The chief engineer appears in the doorway to tell of something that he doesn't approve in the matter of the crank shaft's behavior. He thinks perhaps the ship should be slowed down for half an hour. The captain thinks not. If the captain has thought wrong, there will be vast trouble presently. But if he thinks wrong the other way and slows down, he will have to burn more coal to drive her fast enough to make up lost time. Besides, his itinerary demands that he land a lot of tourists at Constantinople in time for the annual celebration of the Selamlik, and his schedule makes it a tight squeeze anyway.

"What's the matter in the steerage now? Oh! well, just lock him up for an hour. That will teach him not to punch his fellow passengers again on this trip. No, steward. Tell Mr. —— that I'm sorry, but I can't enjoy the pleasure of a drink with him just now. Yes. Kindly convey my compliments to Mrs. ——, and tell her that I've read her letter of introduction from the company and will send the ship's launch ashore at Naples to bring her friends out to see her while we are lying there."

From Cabin to Hold.

A mate brings a report of temperatures in the holds. A forward hold shows two degrees too much heat. It is probably nothing; it may be the worst thing that can happen at sea. Quick, silent, effective investigation must be made without a second's delay. Not even the men who are called on to do it must know why. A breath of suspicion might bring on a whirlwind of panic.

The hydraulic mechanism that seals the fifty water-tight doors between the rows of collision bulkheads must be tested. The doctor's daily report of sanitary conditions from first cabin to the ever-vulnerable steerage must be scanned.

Everywhere by this time accounts are piling up—records, checked and cross-checked, of the food supplies delivered to the cooks and by them to the stewards. Somebody watches the three hundred tons of drinking water aboard and notes its daily consumption. Its quality is watched daily by the ship's doctor, and he reports on it, too. The fire equipment is under inspection day by day and a subject of daily report. All the navigating instruments are compared, studied, noted. Every foot of the tearing engines calls for its daily history. Not all of these reports come directly under his eye; but he must know that all have been made and that they are satisfactory.

When port is approached new questions arise. The port regulations of all lands are different and most of them are so intricate or so voluminous that only a legal mind may know just how to fulfill them. Few countries will permit any fooling about their harbor rules. There are fines for failing to take pilots, for anchoring in forbidden limits, for omitting to fulfill quarantine and customs regulations, for failing to put everything on the cargo and passenger manifests, for careless entries in the log, for failing to salute national flags or for failing to display the proper flags at the mastheads. And most of these fines are big. They range from $500 upward. The port regulations of New York governing matters connected with navigation alone, make more than 60,000 words.

Monster Freight Manifests.

The freight manifest of a big ship, such as the "Kaiser Wilhelm II," or the "Deutschland," covers from ten to a dozen sheets, each more than two feet square, and each filled with figures and notes. This freight manifest must tell every single parcel, package, bale or box carried as freight. For each bill of lading these heads must be filled in the manifest: marks on cases, number of packages, contents, shipper, consignee, consignee's residence, destination, weight, cubical dimensions of package, freight rate, total amount, charges

That manifest has to be presented to the deputy collector of customs when the ship arrives, and it must be sworn to by the captain. If it is wrong, Uncle Sam levies a fine, and collects it, too.

A few months ago the captain of one of the big liners took aboard a lion tamer at the last moment. He was speeding desperately to fulfill an engagement, and there was no time to put his twenty trained lions through as freight, so he arranged hurriedly to pay for them as baggage. When the ship reached New York the manifest, which consisted of thirty sheets, did not show the lions among the freight, because somebody aboard had made the mistake of entering them only in the passenger baggage manifest.

When the twenty tawny lions came a-roaring and a-shaking of their manes and tried to pass as innocent baggage, that ship was fined $500 at once by the official instruments of an outraged nation.

Everything that is sent to a ship is charged to her by the owners, and the captain must account for it like the manager of a department store. Now, when railroad and lighter and truck have finished supplying a crack liner for her flight, there will be charged against her more than $18,000 in coal alone, for she fills her bunkers full for every trip, and the coal bunkers of such a fabric as "Kaiser Wilhelm II" will hold as much as the bunkers of four battleships. For food she stands charged with more than a dozen beeves, fifty sheep and lambs, and ten hogs. She has a little baker's bill of eight tons of flour. The fruiterer's bill calls for 8,000 pounds. She must carry 20,000 eggs and 2,500 quarts of milk. The fish dealer's bill is for almost a ton. The poulterer's bill against her shows that 1,500 fowl have been delivered to her. Forty tons of ice have been slid into the larders and 12,000 quarts of wine and liquor with more than 16,000 quarts of lager beer have reported themselves on board.

These are the matters that make the business of being the ruling tar of a big liner.

Carelessness.

(Washington Star.)

"Don't you think it will look a little careless if we put the price of coal any higher?" said one baron.

"What do you mean?" asked the other.

"It will make some of the members of the combine suspect that we haven't been realizing the top-notch possibilities of profit heretofore."

Not Dry Measure.

(Philadelphia Press.)

"What did your property in Swamphurst cost you?"

"Four dollars a foot."

"What'll you sell for?"

"O, I'll let it go for $2 a gallon."

A Disappointment.

(Washington Star.)

"How is your son doing at college?"

"Well," answered the solicitous father, "he does very well in philosophy and the dead languages. But he is a mighty poor football player."

Horse and Horse.

(Philadelphia Post.)

She—You men are not honest and sincere. You swear you won't do a certain thing and then, first chance you get, you go and do it.

He—Yes, so different from you girls. You promise you will do a certain thing and then, first chance you get, you won't.

Feminine Charity.

(Chicago News.)

Him—Miss Singleton says she recently celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of her birth.

Her—Yes; Miss Singleton is certainly a bargain.

Him—A bargain!

Her—Yes; 22 marked down from 37.

DENIED BY MR. DUFFIN.

No Truth in Report of a Large Purchase of Land by Mormons.

(Kansas City Times.)

The report published in the Times yesterday morning that several thousand acres of land had been purchased in Independence, Mo., for the use of the Mormon colonists was denied yesterday afternoon by James G. Duffin, president of the central states mission. The report was in a dispatch from El Paso, Tex., and purported to be an interview with John Henry Smith, one of the twelve apostles of the Mormon church, in which he said that Mr. Duffin had bought the property.

"There is no truth in the report," said Mr. Duffin. "I have not bought, and the Mormon church has not bought, any property recently in Independence or near there. Last year I purchased twenty-five acres of land there. It was bought for no particular purpose, but as an investment for the church to use as it may see fit in the future. This land is a part of the original temple lot. Back in the thirties it was purchased with the view of one day having the headquarters of the church there. When the Mormons were driven out of Independence they were eventually forced to relinquish their right to the property. It was forfeited to other owners because of tax delinquencies and for other reasons. It is part of the doctrine of the church that one day this property shall be again owned by the church.

"The famous temple lot site of two and one-half acres, which was originally intended for the temple, is now owned by the Hedrickite branch of the Mormon church, a branch which has about 100 members. There is no prospect that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will remove its headquarters to Independence in the near future, though we all believe it will one day take place."

The central states mission, of which Mr. Duffin is president, includes the states of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma and Indian territories. Mr. Duffin's headquarters are at 1405 Locust street, this city.

The Reorganized Church of Latter-day Saints, of which Joseph Smith, jr., the son of the original founder of the church, is president, has a large church in Independence and about 1,500 members, owning and operating mercantile houses and other lines of business. A bank owned by members of this church was opened for business in Independence Tuesday, known as the Jackson County bank.

Seasonable Inquiry.

(Chicago News.)

"Allow me, Mr. Bifkins," said the hostess to a late arrival, "to introduce Captain de Jones, a man who has faced death in a score of battles."

"Pleased to meet you, captain," said Bifkins. "By the way, are you a military or football captain?"

Economy.

(Philadelphia Press.)

"Say, dear," remarked Newlywed, "it seems to me you cook entirely too much food for just us two."

"I know," replied his young wife, "I do it purposely. I want to try some of those 'Economical Left-over Dishes' Mrs. Baker's cook book tells about."

The Wrong Side.

(Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.)

"Do you think it is better to lie on the right side or the left side?" asked the man who is fussy about his health.

"I have found, my friend, that it often pays to lie on both sides," replied the fat man with the silk hat, for he was a practical politician.

Broke a Record.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Mrs. Highmus—You kept one girl six weeks? How did you manage it?

Mrs. Upmore—I didn't manage it. She fell down the steps and broke her leg the first day, and of course she had to stay till she could walk out again.